The Exploits of a New Kind of Detective

By Francis Lynde

They are still worrying about loss of their corpse." And even sufficiently advertising their

heard that you'd got back from Cro-marty and thought maybe you could tell us something."
"Not anything definite," was the su-"Not anything definite," was the superintendent's brief rejoinder. "You know the facts. Murtrie's body was taken out of its coffin and carried off. There were auto tracks on the mess at the head of Cromarty Gulch and Harding and his posse are following them. That's all."

Wh-where is that coffin now?" It was the younger of the two who want

weil?" he asked.
"I think so, and Harding thinks so.
But why they should steal only a dead bodly is beyond me—or any of us."
The two young men exchanged a whispered word or two and went out, with the anxiety in their faces thickly shot with fresh perplexity. At the door Higgins turned for another ask-door Higgins tur

"If we pay the freight on it can we we that coffin back, Mr. Maxwell?" men," said Tarbell, realizing that some men, reali

turned a few more sharp corners in the rather crooked course they're stewing they'll learn to take their medicine without making faces over it." he semarked. "Any signs of Archer yet?"

his head.

To the astonishment of at least two of the three, the bullet-headed guard stood aside and pointed to a door at the farther end of the upper hall.

"He's in there," he grunted. "Some-

body's been givin him th' knockout drops, an' they're workin' over him."

Maxwell turned back to the window.

"Mes, he's coming. He's pulling up on the other side of the plaza—doesn't want to run afoul of these mining friends of ours, I suppose."

"Archer has a head on him, all right, and I like him. You want to swing onto that young fellow, Dick.

He'll-make a good man for you some day. Let's go down and join him."

Tarbell waited when he saw the boss and his guest coming across the plaza and when his two fares were stowed in the roomy tonneau of the story.

Body's been givin' him th' knockout drops, an' they're workin' over him."

Then he spun around and put a ham. "Ye'll gimme yer wor-rd, Misther Maxwell, that ye haven't got the sheriff's posses at yer back?"

"No," said Maxwell, and he managed to say it with a degree of coolness which he was very far from feeling. "We're all here; all three of us."

"Aw right; gwan in. But there'll be anny I'll be takin' a hand messif."

Sprague took the lead in the silent

big. car he let the clutch in for the short run to the western suburb. The night was clear and starlit, but there was no moon. Since the hour was well peat midnight the streets were practically deserted. Beyond the last

one of the unoccupied tables, and Tarbell ordered for the three. When the liquor was served, he said: "You don't need to sop it up inside of you if you don't want to; it's none too good."

With this for a caution the two who were warned carefully spilled their portions on the sanded floor, and Sprague ordered clears, skilfully just.

with this for a caution the two who were warned carefully sollied their portions on the sanded floor, and Sprague ordered cigara, Signing beam a second carefully sollied their portions on the sanded floor, and Sprague ordered cigara, Skilfully jugging them as second carefully sollied their portions on the sanded floor, and Sprague ordered cigara, Skilfully jugging them when they came and substituting three of his own—or rather of Maxwell's. Then he made a sign to Tarbell and they began to make a slow tour of the open game-rooms.

The Fight.

HE demonstrator of scientific principles hooked his elbows on the counter railing and laughed gently.

"Our two nervous friends of their corpae." And sven oke the two young lessees of a came tramping in, their afficiently advartising the afficiently advartising the afficient afficiently advartisin

taken out of its coffin and carried off. There were auto tracks on the mess at the head of Cromarty Gulch and Harding and his posse are following them. That's all.

"Wh-where is that coffin now?" It was the younger of the two who wanted to know.

Without looking around Maxwell felt that Sprague's eyes were signalling him, but he could hardly determine why he was moved to tell only part of the truth.

"It was taken off at Corona."

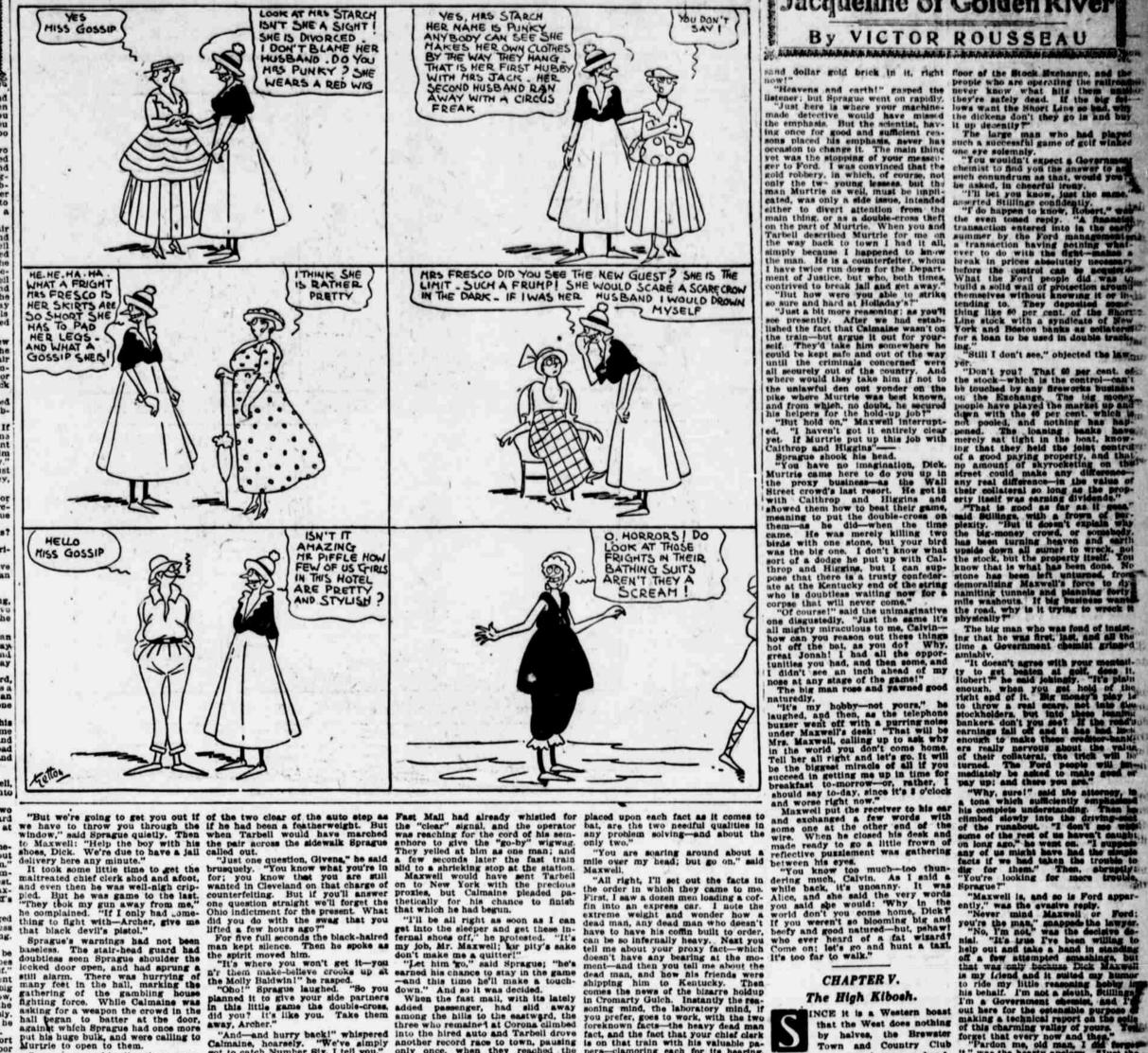
The one who answered to the name of Caithrop swore morosely. "It's the Scott Weder gang, ain't it, Mr. Maxwell?" he asked.

"It had a sked."

"The grave-faced young Tennesseean thrust out his less that the second was a controlled to the sum of the second was moved to the name of Caithrop swore morosely. "It's the Scott Weder gang, ain't it, Mr. Maxwell?" he asked.

"He's in there," he grunted. "Some-body's been givin' him th' knockout drops, an' they're workin' over him." Then he spun around and put a ham-like hand that against Maxwell's chest. "Ye'll gimme yer wor-rd, Misther Max-well, that ye haven't got the sheriff's

Scientific Sprague One in Every Summer Hotel And By Maurice Ketten



Sprague took the lead in the slient still slarm. There was hurrying of march to the indicated door, his big bulk looming colossal in the narrow, low-studded haliway. Reaching the door, he turned the knob noiselessly. "Locked." he muttered, and then he drew back and put his shoulder to it. The lock gave way with a report like a muffled pistol shot and the door flew open. The room was lighted by a single incandescent ould swinging on its cord from the ceiling. On a cot which had been dragged out from its place beside the wall lay the chief clerk, barefooted, gagged and securely bound with many wrappings of cotton clothesline.

Standing over him, one of them with the lighted match he had been holding to the bare foot soles still blazing, were two others; a red-headed, yoi-glow-faced man with one eye missing, and a thick-shouldered athlete aptly answering to Sprague's description.

n'r them make-believe crooks up at the femoly Baldwin!" he rasped.

"Oho!" Sprague laughed. "So you planned it to give your side partners in this little game the double-cross, did you? It's like you. Take them away, Archer."

"And—and hurry back!" whispered Calmaine, hearsely. "We've simply got to catch Number Siz, I tell you."

Thus urged, Tarbell expedited matters with the night jailer and came running back to take his place behind the steering wheel.

"Where now?" he sked, dropping the clutch in; and it was Calmaine who gave the direction.

"The Reservation Road east; it's the one we came in over."

Tarbell earlly broke all the speed limits, in the race to the eastward over the dry meas country. Twenty-odd miles from town they met the sheriff's party, and there was a mementary halt for explanations. "Camp down right where you are and we'll go back pretty soon and send a bunch of autos out after you." was Maxwell's word of encouragement. And then the big car speed on its way toward Cromarty Gulch.

Calmaine seemed to have preserved his sense of locality marvellously. A few hundred yards short of the spot at the gulch head where Follanabee's late being a speed on its way toward Cromarty Gulch.

Calmaine, hearsely. "We've simply got to catch Number Siz, I tell you."

They are right along here, somewhere six the gulch head where Follanabee's late the gulch head where Follanabee's he told Tarbell to pull up.

"They are right along here, somewhere." he said, getting out to hobble painfully shead of the others when Tarbell took off as side-lamp to serve

shipping him to Kentucky. Then comes the news of the bizarre holdup in Cromarty Guich. Instantly the reasoning mind, the laboratory mind, if you prefer, goes to work, with the two foreknown facts—the heavy dead man fact, and the fact that your chief clerk is on that train with his valuable papers—clamoring each for its hearing. Don't let me bore you."

"Heaven-voll'en lot boring mai

where the water reduced to the property of the

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING I

Jacqueline of Golden River

The High Kibosh.

The High Kibosh.

INCE it is a Western boast that the West does nothing by halves, the Brewster Town and Country Club owns two houses; a handsome pink-lava home on one of the quieter business streets of the city, and a rambling, overgrown bungalow at the golf links on the north shore of the High Line reservoir lake, rechristened in honor of Col. Baldwin's pretty daughter. "Lake Corona."

to ride my little reasoning hobby in his behalf. I'm not a sieuth, Stillings I'm a Government decaiet, and I'm a Government decaiet foundation of this charming valley of the scalety of the head of the Hight of the Agnation of t

bank holidays in the progressive little in inter-mountain city, the links at Lake Corona are well patronized; and on at a certain Saturday in early September, in the year written down in the bear annals of the inter-mountain region as "the year of the great railroad war," one of the players was the big muscled athlete who figured for the Brewsterites as an expert soil-tester in the Government service, and whose in inchange in the Timanyoni country was "Scientific Sprague."

Sprague's opponent on the links of the Sprague's apponent on the Branch over for the big athlets. Stillings of the first time. Robert," and at the conclusion of the game, which had been a rather easy walk-over for the big athlets. Stillings of fered the winner a seat in his runshout for the return to Brewster.

"Sorry, but I can't go with you this time. Robert," and the dash of the runabout, "That so'l fered the winner a seat in his runshout for the return to Brewster.

"Story, but I can't go with you this time. Robert," and the hadings of the coming out to did the promised at time. Robert, and the basis of the control of the same.

"When he had tipped his caddle and coming out to did the stringled into his coat." If promised a coming out to did the stringled into his coat.

"But Diok has been getting fresh tips for another match game with the bir from the New York feadquarters."

"But Diok has been getting fresh tips for another match game with the bir he quiet did not he will be supported to the promised at the dash of the runabout. "That so" he queried." "More piracy?"

"Nothing actually in sight, as yet, supported the spark on the racing entry quiet and have been keeping pretty quiet signated to the job of soil testing the providence to me; but things the providence to me; but things the providence to me; but the providence to me; but things the providence to me; but the bir had the provi

pretty daughter, "Lake Corona."

On Saturday afternoons, which are bank holidays in the progressive little inter-mountain city, the links at Lake Corona are well patronized; and on happened?"

"Good goodness, Sprague! what's happened?"

"A thing which nobody could have